This Life is What We Make It.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it;
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's the slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

Seeking the Kingdom.—No. 2.

BY S. B. FURRY.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness.—Matt. 6:23.

The first duty is to ask. Ask for what? Why some people seem to think for temporal blessings. I have my doubts if Christ had that in view at all. But I am sure he wishes us to ask for wisdom to know how to seek the kingdom of God. His promise is, "and ye shall receive." But the keynote to asking is believing. Prayer must be accompanied by faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." He will only accept of believing subjects in his kingdom, all others will remain in the kingdom of darkness. "Well, then," says one, "how about children which are incapable of believing." The Savior does not address them in this command but declares them already in the kingdom of God, "for of such is the kingdom." "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." In innocence they are pure in heart, and when they die they shall see God in his kingdom. Many children are taught forms of prayer. It does them no good, but may do them much harm. I know it is a very good system to teach formality. To say a prayer and to pray are very different. The one condemns while the other justifies; the one brings a curse while the other a blessing. Because the one is simply lip-service and hypocrisy, while the other is heart service and genuine fidelity. The first principle then in seeking is sincere prayer and fidelity to God, then he will show you how to seek his kingdom. "Seek and ye shall find." The next step is to knock. As soon as your life is hid with Christ in God, you knock, and immediately the door will open and admit your name enrolled in the Lamb's book of life. As long as your life is thus hid with Christ, the enemy in all his deceit cannot rob you of your interest there, and when you die you are safe in God's kingdom. Some one may inquire, "How am I to hide my life with Christ in God?" When you become obedient you put on Christ and become reconciled to God. You surrender your will to his will, and your desires and aspirations will be changed, and, instead of seeking worldly pleasures and simply laying up treasures on earth, you seek heavenly pleasures where your heart is, and lay up treasures there, where disappointment cannot reach, and where moth nor rust cannot corrupt, neither thieves break through nor steal. The popular idea is, unless you are in a sectarian church, you cannot have your name enrolled in the kingdom of God. Paul, in his day, already experienced that some were for him, some for Cephas, and some for Apollos. Thousands are enrolled upon the pages of their respective creeds whose names are not in the Lamb's book of life. Their hearts are simply in their creeds and not in the kingdom of God. "Where you heart is there will be your treasure." Remember this. Was Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, Wesley or Mack crucified for you? Verily, nay. But Christ was. He is the Son of God and left the shining courts of his kingdom to plead with you to seek first the kingdom of God, and even died for you that through his atoning blood you might enter.

Our Affections.

BY R. K. BINKLEY.

It is a duty to inquire where our affections are. We should stop and consider what our minds are centered upon. If it is honor, wealth, notoriety, love of self, with all the fruits of a carnal mind, we must change our course, and that at once, or we will learn when too late our sad mistake.

It is a fact, as a people we do not honor God with our substance to the extent that we should. It was a fixed law for believers, to set apart a certain portion for the service of the sanctuary under Moses. God knew that where their treasures were there would their hearts or affections be also; and it is said the Hebrews loved the house of the Lord because it was beautiful and cost them something. The exiles in Babylon wept when they remembered Zion. It cost them something, and yet they deemed it a pleasure to rebuild it at a great cost.

God has ordained that our religion should cost us something. It cost a precious son, who was rich, but pillowless, to establish His religion; and in order to perpetuate it, it must cost us something.

Kind reader, we have but to consider a moment and the reply comes, too much world; too much of the things beneath. Yes, less of self and more of Christ is what we want in our minds, and then I believe such brethren as J. H. Worst, and others of kindred talents, could be kept in the field. We could use several in Indiana with good results. Brethren let us redouble our diligence. We can if we try. Oh, says one, there are so many perplexities to encounter, I feel like giving up the struggle. Melanchthon said, "Trouble and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble." We want to remember that in due time we shall reap if we faint not, and with our affections on Christ, as all in all, we can surmount all the obstacles in our way, and at last realize a rich reward of glory in the celestial realms. —Huntingdon, Ind.

The Dying Miner.

Twenty miles from camp, and night approaching. A young home missionary, working for his Master in one of the mining communities of Colorado, found himself in this situation one day, and was beginning to look about him for a desirable place in which to spend the night, when, a little way ahead, he descried a rude cabin.

Approaching nearer, he saw it was one of the poorest of these rough habitations, and much of the "chinking" between the logs had fallen out, rendering the place additionally uncomfortable.

"Such a place as that is surely deserted," said the young minister to himself; "and I am inclined to think I would rather sleep out of doors to-night than inside that shell, even if it should prove to be inhabited by one who would make me welcome."

At that moment, the sound of song floated out through the openings between the logs, and our traveller stopped his horse to listen to the man's weak voice singing that dear old home song, "The Home of the Soul."

"Oh that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams
It's bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but dimly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me;

were the words that reached the ear of the listener outside.

"I must see the man who can sing like that in such a place as this," thought the missionary, riding up to the cabin and alighting from his horse.

A feeble "Come in!" came from within, in answer to his knock; and entering, he found himself in the one small room in the cabin, which was almost destitute of furniture.

In one corner a rude bedstead had been constructed of boards and rude pieces of timber, on which some old blankets were spread; and on this hard bed lay a man evidently very near to death.

"Dying alone, in this situation, twenty miles from the nearest camp, still his look into the beyond seemed so clear, so real, that the language of the hymn he feebly sung was, indeed, the language of his heart," said the missionary, as he related the incideht afterward. "He died that night and I have never ceased to feel a thrill of thankfulness whenever I think of him, that I was belated that day, and so enabled to be with that man when the end came." Surely that which satisfies a man when dying in the midst of such surroundings is not a thing to be lightly rejected. When a young man leaves the home of his boyhood, he cannot afford to leave the religion of Christ, too.——Sel.

We Should Honor the Lord.

David's standard of propriety was far above that of many of our modern church-members. He had a "house of cedar" erected for him by Tyrian workmen, the most skillful of the times, and of the costly wood of Lebanon, but the ark of God was allowed to remain in "curtains". He keenly felt the incongruity of the contrast that a more solid edifice should be built for him than for the habitation of God. A like contrast points the reproof in Haggai 1:4, to the returned exiles who were dilatory in rebuilding the ruined temple. The reproof falls likewise upon all those who are contented to enjoy their own prosperous abundance, and have little or nothing to bestow for the advancement of the cause of Christ. David thought it was a shame for him to have a better house than was provided for the Lord. If any one in these days takes a different view of the matter, it is because his standard of propriety is lower than David's. Any body of men who worship the Lord in a shabbier, or more barren house than they themselves live in, ought to be ashamed of themselves and should take quick steps to rectify the wrong. The smooth-worn, stereotype excuse for the dilapidated and unsightly barn-like edifice we often see used for worship, that fine, respectable, and comfortable churches are the effect of pride will not hold good. It would not appear so bad, if the parties making this plea would apply it to their own residences. No, the Lord's house is not always the best finished and the best cared for in the community; nor do the church members who live in the showier houses, feel ashamed of themselves, because of this contrast. This was where David was ahead of such church-members. Remember we are not condeming the humble and simple edifice, but merely those who build for themselves fine, modern-styled, commodious house, and put the Lord off with a barn-like edifice.

"This Young Man Gripped Me,"

A preacher related that at an evening service a young man who had just come in from the country to see his father's grave, remained after the close of the meeting to be directed to Christ, the sinner's Savior. The minister asked him:

"How did you happen to enter the church to-night?"

"He answered, "I was passing, and stopped to listen to the singers, and," pointing to one of the workers, "this young man gripped me, and took me in."

It will not be a difficult matter to fill empty seats, and bring sinners and wanderers home to God, if every Christian will adopt this plan, and grip somebody, and bring them to Christ. The command which finally secured a full table where all had begun to make excuses, was, "compel them to come in;" and while hunger struggled with timidity, the gentle compulsion of a loving earnest hand and heart, turned the scale and filled the house with guests.

So we may be sure there are multitudes who need and long for the great salvation of the Lord. They have had invitations from the pulpit, in a general way, but no one has gripped them and said, "Come with us, and we will do you good." "No one has laid hands on them, and with gentle, yet earnest and loving entreaty, brought them within the fold.

The Shepherd "goeth after the lost sheep," but when he findeth it, he does not content himself with mild expostulations, and good advice, with pointing out the right way, and requesting the wanderer to walk in it—by no means; but when he has found the wanderer he takes no further risks, he asks no promises, he simply lays the lost sleep "on his shoulders," and bears him home. Thus the Good Shepherd wins back the wanderer to his fold, and, imitating him, we should seek sinners, and bring home those who have gone astray, compelling them to come in and share the love and blessing that is waiting for them in the Father's house.—The Christian.

An earnest Christian is always peculiar and half incomprehensible to the world. He has something which they have not, and which they do not know how to reckon in their calculations.